

The Mirror

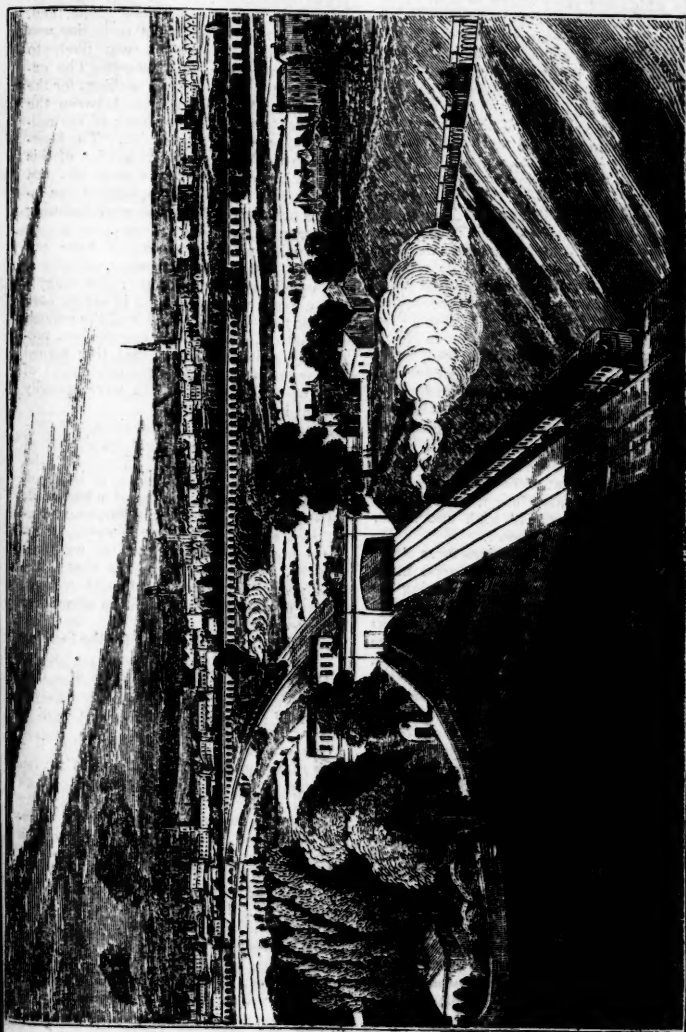
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 939.]

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[Price 2d.]



LONDON AND CROYDON RAILWAY, FROM NEW CROSS, DEPTFORD.

THE LONDON AND CROYDON RAILWAY.

"WHEN we look upon the many and important changes which have been wrought upon the externals of the world, and consider the mighty elements of power and knowledge which are risely active in their existence, and extensively engaged in modifying the face of society, we are almost *compelled* to reflect upon the means by which they act, and the amount of good which they have already accomplished. However great the ridicule may be which has been thrown upon the hackneyed expression of the "march of mind," we cannot observe these changes, or think upon these elements, without allowing it to possess much meaning, and to represent that which is always amazing, and sometimes astounding, in its effects. To inquire into the principles by which it has been impelled, is not our present business, we have now only to contemplate one of its results. One, it is true, but one so fraught with important consequences, and so necessary to the general advancement, as almost to be looked upon as a cause, rather than an effect, of national greatness. And, indeed, what is so likely to exalt a people collectively in acquirement and virtue, as that frequent, nay, almost constant attrition of mind, which is invariably produced by facility of intercourse. Man is naturally gregarious; he is made for community and fellowship; and experience has proved, that wherever there is constant or continual association, there, just in an equal proportion, will high and noble, and valuable qualities, prevail.

Never were these observations more strikingly illustrated, than by the progress made in this country and in America during the last twenty years, by the introduction of railways and steam carriages. So rapid has been the advance within that period, that we can with difficulty suppose what is the fact, that it is nearly two hundred years since the principle, thus influential, was first brought into notice, and applied to the purposes of life.

When once the impetus had been given to the public mind, and the advantage of transit by railways made apparent, schemes for their construction almost inundated the public press. The activity which had been excited in commercial enterprise, by the over-trading of the years 1823-4 and 5, doubtless contributed very much to awaken a desire to promote these novel plans of conveyance, by apparently providing the means for their execution; and, though the matter was certainly not nearly so well understood as it was soon afterwards, yet sufficient was known of it to enable practical men to calculate the results and depend upon the profit. That railways would early become remunerative investments, was readily believed; for it was a common conviction, and not unfounded in

fact, that those ways which had been instituted for the convenience of private concerns had paid a high rate of per centage.

At length the idea of forming railways of considerable extent was seriously taken up, and, in 1825, the first result appeared in the Stockton and Darlington Railway. On the 17th of September, in that year, this great undertaking was opened to the public, and, after a few months, sufficient indication was given, that the experiment was likely to prove in every way satisfactory. The excessive cost was counted as nothing, for the intercourse which had existed between the two towns prior to the opening of the railway was more than quadrupled. The benefit which the successful termination of this undertaking occasioned was soon felt, and its influence became perceptible in the increased activity of those who were maturing even far more extensive schemes.

The wild propositions which were put forth for public approval were, doubtless, both injudicious and injurious; and many a broken heart, while mourning in secret, bore testimony to the fatal worship of the moloch of wealth. Yet were they, nevertheless, productive of this great good, that they turned the powers of intellect to the concoction of plans of public good, which were speedily brought into effect.

The object of railways was the easier conveyance of weighty goods, and, for the period we have named, the facility afforded by the use of the plain way of a wood or iron rail, instead of the rough friction of a bad road, had sufficiently answered the purpose. Expedition, as well as facility, however, or rather a higher degree of facility, was now required, and it was discovered that if the railway were laid upon a sufficient descent, the use of animal power might be altogether dispensed with."

The first act which passed for the forming of a railway, was carried through parliament in 1801, and, with the exception of a very few sessions, one act or more has been passed every year since, progressively increasing in number up to 1838.

Our embellishment to this Number is a View of that part of the London and Croydon Railway, from the deep cutting made through the hill at New Cross, Deptford, looking towards Greenwich Railway, with its unparalleled viaduct, composed of upwards of a thousand arches; with part of the mighty metropolis of England in the distance; forming, upon the whole, a picturesque and animated scene. It is taken from a large and beautifully lithographed view, published in Lendenhall-street, London.

It is expected that the London and Croydon Railway, of which Mr. J. Gibbs is the engineer, will be opened in May next.

* "From "Gilbert's Railways of England and Wales." 1838.

* See (No. 923,

SUPERSTITION AND CRUELTY.

In noticing Dr. Rogers's second lecture on the Mythology of the Ancients, (comprising the Religious System of the Greeks and Romans,) we referred to a previous lecture, which related to the mythology of the earlier nations.* Both of these lectures have since been repeated at the Marylebone Institution, Edward-street, Portman-square; and have called forth the following testimonial from the secretary; a testimonial which confirms the remarks we made on the occasion alluded to:—"I have the pleasure of informing you that, at a meeting of the committee held last evening, a vote of thanks was unanimously passed to you, for your highly-interesting lectures on the Mythology of the Ancients, delivered at this Institution." From the first of these lectures we have culled some passages, which we think will interest our readers.

Human Sacrifices.

The most ancient of the Canaanitish idols, was Aglibolus, or Baal. The meaning of the word "*Baal*," is "*Lord*," and refers to the sun. Another idol was Malachbolus, or Moloch; a male personification of the moon. To both these idols human sacrifices were offered. Before entering Canaan, the Israelites received the strongest possible injunctions, to preserve them from adopting these abominations. Death was denounced against those who should imitate the idolaters by offering their children. But notwithstanding these threatenings, the kings of Israel set their people the example of conforming to these horrid rites. Solomon built a temple to Moloch on the Mount of Olives; and Manasseh reared altars to Baal, and "made his son pass through the fire." It is believed that the children were sometimes obliged only to pass between fires, or to leap over them. Generally, however, there can be no doubt they were really sacrificed. So infamous did the valley of Tophet become, on account of these barbarities, that the prophet Jeremiah declared it should be called "the valley of slaughter."

Mr. Croker, in his "*Fairy Tales and Legends of the South of Ireland*," gives an account of some curious relics of the ancient worship of this deity. He says that May-day is called "the day of Beal's fire;" and May-eve, "the eve of Beal's fire;"—from having been, in heathen times, consecrated to the god Beal, or Belus; whence, also, the month of May is termed, in Irish, "*Mina Beal-fine*." He goes on to observe that the ceremony practised on May-eve, of making the cows leap over lighted straw, or faggots, has been generally traced to the worship of that deity. It is now vulgarly used in order to

save the milk from being pilfered by "the good people," as the fairies are called.

Moloch, according to the Jewish Rabbies, was an idol of brass, with a calf's head, and seated on a brazen throne. It was hollow, and divided into seven compartments. In the first compartment was placed meal; in the second, a turtle; in the third, an ewe; in the fourth, a ram; in the fifth, a calf; in the sixth, an ox; and in the seventh, a child. The idol was then heated; and the whole of its contents were consumed together, amid the noise of shouts, and warlike instruments. Milton thus notices some of the particulars we have mentioned:—

"First, Moloch!—horrid king!—besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though (for the noise of drums and timbrels loud)
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through
fire
To this grim idol.

The wisest heart
Of Solomon he led, by fraud, to build
His temple, right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant vale of Hinnom:—Tophet, thence,
And black Gehama called,—the type of hell!"

The grand object of worship among the Carthaginians, was Saturn; and the rites performed to his honour were of the same horrid character as those of Moloch. The statue of this idol was of brass; with its arms extended, and so inclined, that whatever was placed on them rolled into a fire. The most respectable authors of antiquity unite to assure us, that to this deity infants were sacrificed; and those who had no children of their own, purchased those of the poor for this dreadful purpose. The attendant priests were clothed in scarlet;—fit emblem of their bloody office! Their sacrifices were always attended by drums, and other noisy instruments; in the same manner as those of Moloch previously, and of the Hindoos to this day. When Agathocles was approaching to besiege Carthage, the inhabitants imagined they had offended Saturn, by neglecting the proper sacrifices; and two hundred children, of the first families in the city, were publicly immolated.

Worship of Animals.

One of the most remarkable features of the Egyptian Mythology, was the worship of animals. They imagined that some animals partook of the nature of their celestial deities; and were therefore entitled to divine honours. Thus when the worship of the moon had become established, and her increase and diminution superstitiously considered, it was thought to bear some analogy to the dilating and contracting pupil of the cat's eye; and puss was accordingly deified. In the same manner, the asp and the beetle became sacred; because they were supposed to exhibit some faint images of particular

* See "*The MIRROR*" for December 1, 1838, (No. 923, Vol. 39, page 356.)

deities. The hawk was dedicated to Osiris; the ass, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus, to Typho; the serpent, or dragon, to Nephthe. Every element was laid under contribution; and men, women, bulls, cows, rams, goats, dogs, cats, snakes, crocodiles, frogs, beetles, and innumerable others, were all included in the sacred catalogue. Ophialatria, or serpent-worship, was very famous; and was celebrated with the most horrid rites. To this animal human victims were immolated. Richardson, in his researches in Egypt, discovered a tomb at Biban al Meelook, in which there is a representation of six men sacrificed at one time. The walls of their tombs are frequently covered with representations of this idol; as may be seen by consulting the volumes of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" devoted to "Egyptian Antiquities," and Dr. Taylor's recently published work on the subject.

The bull was sacred to Osiris; and was called Apis. It was to be black, with a square piece of white on the forehead. Many years sometimes elapsed, before an animal could be found exactly answering this description. When Cambyzes, the son of Cyrus, (called, in Scripture, Ahasuerus,) invaded Egypt, he desired the priest to show him their god. They immediately, with much pomp, led Apis before him. Cambyzes, enraged at their stupidity, drew his dagger, and thrust it into the animal's thigh;—of which wound poor Apis died. The priests were shocked at his profanity; and predicted the most direful calamities in consequence. Some time afterwards, Cambyzes, in drawing his sword, wounded his *own* thigh; and, like the bull, died of the injury. The priests, of course, did not fail to represent it as a judgment on his daring crime. Dr. Prideaux, in relating this occurrence, actually coincides with the priests; and thinks that God punished the king for his contempt of their religion, though that religion was idolatrous. For so eminent a man, and a Dean of the Church of England, such an opinion appears a little extraordinary. N. R.

APOPTHHEGMS.

(From the Persian.)

A SAGE, whose eyes and hands were lifted up towards heaven, offered up this prayer to the throne of mercy:—"Great God, have pity on the wicked; for thou hast done all for the good, when thou hast made them good."

A man is born, he begins to build, and dies; another is born, who also begins to build, and dies likewise. Thus generations succeed each other; everything is begun: nothing is finished. Happy the man who has gained on earth the prize of goodness: his reward awaits him in the other life.

W. G. C.

MODE OF EMPLOYING SERVANTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

(For the Mirror.)

The Azamoglans, in Turkey.

AZAMOGLANS, Agemoglans, or Agiamoglans, are under-officers, or servants destined for the meaner uses of the seraglio. They are sometimes captives taken in war, or bought of the Tartars, but more commonly the sons of Christians, taken from their parents at the age of ten or twelve years, being seldom the sons of natural Turks, but yearly collected from the increase of the poor Christians in the Morea of Albania; the yearly number of those thus collected, amounts to about 20,000,—who are brought to Constantinople, presented before the vizier, and by him placed in divers situations, either in the seraglio's of Galatz, Okmedon, or Adrianople; others are put forth to learn different trades in the city, brought up as seamen, and many are placed in the great seraglio at Constantinople, where they are made to serve in the stables and kitchen, to dig in the gardens, to cleave wood, and to do whatever service they are commanded by the superiors set over them, who are called the odubaschees.

Those of the Azamoglans, who are designed for the grand signior's seraglio, are the choicest of the whole number, possessing the strongest bodies, and most promising aspects. The discipline they undergo is very severe; so that they are taught obedience and readiness to serve; with watching, fasting, and other penances. Their clothing is of coarse blue cloth, made at Salonica—their caps of felt, after the form of a sugar-loaf, of hair colour. Some of them are taught to read and write, who are esteemed as the most acute, and fit for instruction; but the greater part are exercised in running, leaping, wrestling, throwing the iron bar, or other agilities. Their lodgings are pent-houses, or sheds built under the walls of the seraglio—their diet flesh and rice, sufficient, though not luxurious. Out of those belonging to the seraglio, none are drawn out for jannissaries, but are sometimes preferred for the service of bashaws, according to their fidelity or good conduct. The Azamoglans who are distributed into other quarters than the seraglio, are principally designed, as they grow up, for jannissaries in the place of those deceased of that body. Their names, with the places where they are distributed, and their pay, which is from two to five aspers a day, are written in a book, which book is signed by the grand signior and tefendar, who pays their salaries every three months, being obliged at that time to inquire who is dead or removed, and to make a true report to the grand signior.

C. P. S.

HOROLOGIA HISTORIA.

THE CLOCK-SPHERES OF THE ANCIENTS.

(For the Mirror.)

[Concluded from page 136.]

BUT the most celebrated of all the ancient clock spheres of the ancients, is that of the famous Archimedes, the well-known philosopher and defender of Syracuse, against the Roman Legions, under Marcellus; and what is not a little remarkable is, that it is not mentioned in any of the extant works of Archimedes; we are, therefore, as usual, compelled to have resort to contemporary historians; and what is more to be regretted, these authors do not give any clear account of them, being, in many instances, nothing but mere passing mention of them, as in the present case. Cicero speaks of this more than once; and in the second book, "De Natura Deorum," are the following curious words:

"*Archimedes arbitrantur plus valuisse in imitandis Sphæra conversionibus, quam Naturam in efficiendis.*" And again, in his "Tusculane" questions, "Nam cum Archimedes Luna, 'Solis, quinque errantium motus in spheram illicavit efficit;' from which last we gather, that Archimedes had constructed a sphere which combined in it the motion of the moon, sun, and the five wandering stars, or planets. Though these brief and imperfect descriptions are sufficient to let us know that such a machine had been made by Archimedes, yet they convey but little information that is at all satisfactory. And in regard to the nature of its construction, and the purposes to which he may have applied it, we learn nothing—and indeed this barren kind of notice is all that is to be found in the greater part of the accounts handed down to us—but by far the most accurate description is that of the old poet, Claudian, which has been translated in the following words:—

"When Jove espied in glass his heaven's made,
He smiled, and to the other gods thus said:
'Tis strange that human art so far proceeds
To ape in brittle orbs my greatest deeds,
The heavenly motions, nature's constant course.
Lo here old Archimede to art transfers
The enclosed spirit, here each star doth drive,
And to the living work some motions give.
The sun in counterfeit his year doth run,
And Cynthia to her monthly circle turn.
Since now bold man, worlds of his own descryd,
He joys, and the stars by human art can guide.
Why should we so admire proud Solomon's cheats,
When one poor hand, nature's chief work repeats."

From the concluding lines of this long epigram, as well as from the previous remarks of Cicero, we may conclude that this contrivance of Archimedes, or as the original styles him, "Syracusus senex," had made no little noise amongst his contemporaries, who appear by their inordinate admiration to have made themselves the butt of the poetical writers of the day, or why

all these satirical remarks of Cicero and Claudian.

And here again, although we have quoted at much length, we have derived but little information respecting the mechanism of the sphere; however, we learn that in it the sun, moon, and the other heavenly bodies, had each of them their proper motions and positions assigned to them; and this motion, curiously enough, is assigned by Claudian as the work of some kind spirit, for he says, "*Inclusus variis famulator spiritus astris.*" What this enclosed spirit really was, will not take us much time to discover, for from the great mechanical celebrity of Archimedes, we may presume it, without much liability to error, to have been neither more nor less than a well-contrived combination of wheels, weights, springs, pulleys, or some such kind of clock-work, which being artfully concealed from the public view, would, in those times, be readily accounted as the agency of some spirit, or divine power; but we must not suppose the epigrammatist himself to have been ignorant of its action, for he states, "*Gaudet, humanâ sidera mente regit,*" or that his stars are governed by human art.

There is little doubt but that the machine, or whatever it may be termed, was of very superior construction, for the time in which it was made; especially when we bear in mind that no less a person than Archimedes was its author, unquestionably one of the greatest geniuses of the age in which he lived, and who, as his works now extant amply testify, was deeply versed in all the mechanism then known, and which his transcendent genius greatly improved and extended. Both friend and foe bear testimony to his great mechanical skill, as more especially exemplified in his glorious but unfortunate defence of Syracuse, in which he unfortunately perished by the hand of a barbarian Roman: he has left behind him a name that will be perpetual, whilst the sphere and cylinder exist in form or figure.

All these great qualifications being duly considered, we need not be surprised at the admiration excited amongst his contemporaries by this performance.

There is another of these ancient clock-spheres mentioned by Cicero, in his work, "*De Natura Deorum,*" and which, curiously enough, is brought in to prove,

"That there is some intelligent, divine, and wise Being that inhabiteth, ruleth in, and is as an architect of so great a work as the World;" but as we have nothing to do with any such argument, we shall pass on to the words of Cicero himself, which bear more directly upon the question in hand: he states, "*Cum solarium vel descriptum aut et aqua contemplore, intelligere declarari horas arte;*" from which brief and curious passage we learn that "there were sun-

dials drawn and described, and some made with water." And again, a little farther on, in the same work, he states more at length, "Quod si in Scythiam, aut in Britanniam Sphærum aliquis tulerit hanc, quam noster familiaris noster efficit Posidonius, cujus singulæ conversiones idem efficiunt in Sole et in Lunæ, in quinquime stellis errantibus quod efficitur, in Cælo singulis diebus et noctibus;" from which, with a slight alteration, we learn that "Posidonius had lately contrived a sphere, whose motions were the same in the sun, moon, and five planets, as were performed in the heavens each day and night."

In the former of these quotations, we must observe that the sun-dials here mentioned were made very similar to those now used, by lines drawn according to the kind and position of the solarium itself, and the words "aut et aqua," do not refer to sun-dials made by water, as might be supposed, but to the clepsydre already mentioned, which were different both in form and principle from the solarium. This sphere of Posidonius was invented about the time of Cicero, whose account we have given in the above extract; and, consequently, its age will be about eighty years before the birth of Christ.

This sphere, it is generally believed, imitated the annual as well as the diurnal motion of the heavens, though the words "*errantibus quod efficitur in cælo singulis diebus et noctibus*," scarcely seem to mention such a compound motion; it does not speak of any annual motion, unless we conceive "*Singulis diebus*," to be more expressive than usual, and stand for an equivalent to every day through the year.

If this is admitted, then I think such a machine could not possibly have been regulated by any other means than a combination of wheel-work, as in the different artificial spheres, and instruments of a similar nature, now used; but, by whatever method motion and regularity were given to these instruments, it undoubtedly implies great mechanical skill and contrivance, as well as very considerable constructive perfection, for upon the regularity of these instruments depends their beauty.

After the foregoing brief and rapid description of some of the most curious and interesting of the early specimens of time-measuring instruments, it may not be uninteresting to make some remarks upon their probable application to the more practical and useful purposes of life; and to inquire whether they were used as mere curiosities, or specimens of the inventor's mechanical ingenuity; undoubtedly, in regard to the latter case, they may have been exhibited as illustrations of their system of astronomy, as I should imagine is sufficiently evident from the instances already quoted of their having imitations of the

annual and diurnal motions of the sun, moon, and planets then known, included in their construction, as well as being able to show the hours through every day of the month, and in some instances through the year.

Suppose we admit with Cardan, in the case of the sphere just mentioned, as belonging to Sapor, the king of Persia, that it was made of glass, and also, that the king could sit in the middle of it, and see its stars rise and set.

How are we to reconcile the statement of the king's being able to sit in its centre, with the actual motion of the sphere, which undoubtedly it must have had, for by this motion alone could the stars have been made to rise and set; from this, I presume, we may infer, with some appearance of truth, that it could not have been of the nature of our modern celestial spheres which are made of glass; and it is equally difficult to conceive how Sapor could have sat in the middle of it, if it had been of the nature of an armillary sphere. We are aware, from fragments of ancient astronomical history, that the ancient observers used an instrument for fixing the positions of the heavenly bodies, something of the nature of an armillary sphere, being made up of circles, &c., which were placed in the planes of the different astronomical circles, as the meridian, equator, ecliptic, &c., by which the required observations were made.

This leads me to doubt the assertion of Cardan, and to imagine that they must have been either a skeleton celestial sphere, in which the planetary paths were represented by circles, or else on the principles of those little instruments which are used by lecturers on astronomy, in the present time, to illustrate the relative motions and positions of the sun and planets through one revolution.

And therefore, we may conclude that these spheres were looked upon more as mechanical or astronomical curiosities than as useful domestic instruments; though we must not deny that it is extremely probable, that some modification of them may have been made, so as to answer some of the ordinary purposes required; this idea is strengthened by the accounts already given of the spheres of Archimedes and Posidonius showing the hours, though we are not aware that they were commonly employed for such purposes; indeed the nature of the construction of these clock-spheres is plainly of too complex and intricate principle ever to have been of much use for such purposes as those mentioned. But in the case of the So'aria and Clepsydre, it is very different, because they are neither so complex in their construction, nor so difficult of comprehension as the spheres.

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A solarium might be placed in the centre of a court-yard, or entrance to a building, and be exposed for years to all the fluctuations of the weather, without being deranged, or subject to irregularity: and indeed we know that large sun-dials have been made with the ancient Egyptian obelisks, as for instance, the one erected by the Emperor Augustus, in the Campus Martius, at Rome, the obelisk, which is one of Cleopatra's needles, I believe, was the gnomon, or stile, and the hours were marked in a large circle on the pavement round the obelisk; and the astronomer Manilius also used it for finding the sun's altitude, which, as is well known, was the ancient method, the shadow of the obelisk being the radius, the obelisk will be the tangent of the angle of the sun's elevation.

And evidently the simplest case of these solariums is that of the vertical gnomon and horizontal dial, precisely as takes place on a grander scale in nature, as mentioned at the beginning of this paper.

After these times, the clock in its most primitive form was introduced; but as this does not form any part of the object of this present paper, I shall here conclude the subject.

DALBY LOCKWOOD.

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

The Gardens of the Tuileries.

UNLESS you have witnessed it, you can have no possible idea how fond the Parisians are of walking about. Wet or fine, warm or cold, winter or summer, they turn out just the same, to wander up and down the public promenades of their adored city, or dream away the day upon those eternal little rush-bottomed chairs which they hire at two sous each, reading the newspapers, or tapping the pointed toes of their well-polished boots with their umbrellas. How or when they find time for business, or the common domestic affairs of their establishments, we never yet could make out. It is lucky the English words *home* and *comfort* have no synonyms in their language, for we are convinced they would not understand the meaning of them.

The chief resort of the outdoor people of Paris is the garden of the Tuileries. You will find almost equal multitudes at the same time in the Jardin des Plantes, the Luxembourg, the Palais Royal, and the Champs Elysées, but the Tuileries appears to be the most favoured spot. Its population varies naturally according to the hours of the day, the seasons of the year, and the state of the temperature. During the morning, you will see only persons who take it in their way from one place to another; soon, however, the reading of the journals, which are let out

here, attracts numerous grave and sedentary groups. Towards noon, a fresh movement of laughing mirth and noise commences, by the arrival of the children and their *bonnes*; after this the mothers of the said children appear, and then gradually 'all the world,' to adopt their translation of 'everybody.'

But there is a marvellous lack of intelligence displayed by the groups who collect in the different parts of the gardens of the Tuileries, for all do not arrive with the same end. Upon the terrace, on the borders of the Seine, for example, where the view is so agreeable, the air so pure, the walk so smooth, and the sun so warm even in winter, you will be almost certain not to find a soul. You may perhaps encounter a student, deeply engaged in 'grinding' the preparations for his approaching examination, which he expects in eight or ten days, or an actor who is threatening the lower boughs of the chestnut-trees with his stick, (all actors carry sticks,) while he is rehearsing his part in some tremendous melo-drama for the Theatre de l'Ambigu Comique; but beyond these, and a few old men who have walked there for the last twenty years, the place is quite desolate.

And yet, solitary as it is, and half deserted, it is never chosen for the purpose of tender declarations, avowals, promises, oaths, quarrels, and all the other usual accompaniments of courtship. No, in this respect the French show their wit—the world with its broad daylight, its tumultuous noise, and its distracted eyes, (and heads too very often,) is far more adapted for secrecy than the shade and the retreat; and more than this, society will always lend itself as an accomplice of things which are not sought to be concealed.

When you have descended the slope that terminates the raised walk which overlooks the Place de la Concorde, you will see in face of you, at the other side of the octagonal basin, a perfect living border to the wall. It is there that the worship of the sun is followed with as much ardour as in Peru. A crowd of old men, chiefly invalides, children and nursery-maids from Normandy, with their clear healthy faces, and high towering lace caps, are there waiting to bask in the warm sunbeams, and watch the passers by. It is there that a generous foresight has multiplied the stone benches, and there also are chairs to let upon speculation, which, however, do not find occupants until the benches are filled. And how droll it is to see chairs let at a penny each in the gardens of a palace; to say nothing of its very hall being a thoroughfare!

At the turn of the wall begins the grand resort of the loiterers, irrevocably fixed by usage between the long rows of orange-trees which run parallel with the Rue de Rivoli. Entire families turn out and sit here nearly the whole day, some talking, others working,

more reading, and all occasionally quizzing their neighbours. There exists a certain class of society in Paris which has made the Tuileries its theatre—its world. You will rarely see those who compose it anywhere else, but you will always find them there, and there they direct all their thoughts and ambition. It is there that the newest invention of the *toilette* is published; it is there that the last dress, with all its lustre of novelty, is displayed, or the *debut* of a bonnet is risked. There they invent half the scandal and daily rumours of Paris. Each day, at the fixed time, the same groups assemble, and each day its promenaders approach each other to offer compliments, and retire to find fault with the dress, manners, or reputation of the friend they have just been adulating.

But of all those who resort here, at least in our opinion, the great attraction lies in the children—we mean those who have not yet numbered eight years, and whose limbs have still all the smooth roundness of infancy. In spite of the *monkey-jacket* style of dress, with which the French delight to trick out their children, there is something very pleasing in their graceful movements, their fresh cheeks and their beautiful hair; and a perfect charm in their gaiety;—in the innocent joy sparkling in their eyes, and in the pure and living blood colouring their cheeks, which even the *belles* of Paris cannot imitate. It is almost enough to make you a convert in favour of matrimony. We might perhaps add, that this attraction belongs only to those who can run about;—the infants are not so pleasing; indeed it would take a great deal to beat the saucy beauty of an English baby—we saw few like them in either France, Switzerland, or Italy. But, mothers of Paris, do not clothe your children in such *bryarres* disguises. Abolish all their mimic uniforms, and foraging-caps, and epaulettes, and other military trappings for little rogues who are so fond of rolling about in the dust, and giving their hair to the winds to play with. Let their necks be naked, their limbs free, and their tresses falling down their backs, for they ought to fall. There are enough grown up infants in the National Guard without adding to the number. Let them laugh, and tumble and run as they like, while they can. The only pity is, they should ever be destined to become men. 167 KNIPS.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

INSTEAD of shutting himself up in an island, and abusing the rest of mankind, the philosopher should make the world his country, and should trample beneath his feet those prejudices which the vulgar so fondly hug to their bosoms. — *W. Lawrence.*

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. TROLLOPE.

THIS lady is the youngest daughter of the Rev. William Milton, vicar of Heckfield, Hants—a new college living, of which society he was for some years a fellow. He was an able mathematician and mechanician, and was well known among the scientific men of his day.

In 1809 Miss Milton was married at Heckfield, to Thomas Anthony Trollope, barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., son of the Rev. Anthony Trollope, and grandson of Sir Thomas Trollope, Bart., of Casewick, Lincolnshire. He lived to witness the decisive success of Mrs. Trollope's first work, and the commencement only of the brilliant literary career, of which that was the opening. He died in 1835.

It was in 1827 that Mrs. Trollope left England for America; and in 1831 that she returned to her native country. In the following year she published her two volumes on the "Domestic Manners of the Americans;" and from that time to the present, a rapid succession of popular and successful works has confirmed and extended the reputation which her first book achieved; and have won for her an undisputed place amid the principal favourites of the public.

Such are the leading facts and general outline of Mrs. Trollope's history. Of the details of her domestic life, which should complete the sketch, we know but little; but we would make a few remarks on one peculiarity in the reception which her works have met with from the public.

That Mrs. Trollope has, from the first commencement of her career up to the present time, been uniformly and eminently successful as an author, no one can gainsay or doubt. But on the other hand it is equally clear, that scarcely any of her works—the charming "Widow Barnaby," perhaps, excepted—have escaped the vehement and angry censure of some portion or other of the press. Certainly no other author of the present day has been at once so much read, so much admired, and so much abused. Now how is this to be accounted for? Does it not arise from the bold, and uncompromising expression of her own honestly-formed convictions and opinions, on every subject, whatever they may be, on the one hand; and from the intrinsic talent, and charming style of her works, on the other? We can trace the circumstance to no other cause.—(Extracted from No. 219 of Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, which is embellished with a portrait of Mrs. Trollope.)

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Fine Arts.

NELSON MEMORIAL.

THE Committee of Taste have recommended the three following designs for the approbation of the General Committee. The description of them we have quoted from *The Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, No. 18; which work is this month replete with more than its usual valuable statistical and other useful information. As it is generally imagined, the whole of the models and drawings will shortly be publicly exhibited, care will then be taken to give our readers a succinct account of the most admired among the various designs.

Design by W. Railton, Architect.

To which the first premium is proposed to be adjudged by the Committee.

The design makes no pretension whatever to originality, being no more than a fluted Corinthian column, 174 feet high, on a pedestal ornamented with reliefs, and surmounted by a statue 17 feet high; consequently, for want of some basement or substructure, will be apt to look too small, except as merely a lofty central ornament in the square.

The following description of the two other prizes are by their respective authors:—

Design by E. H. Baily, R. A.

To which the Committee propose to award the second prize.

DESCRIPTION.—An Obelisk raised to the memory of Nelson, by his grateful country. At the base, our great Naval Commander is represented supporting the Imperial Standard; on his left stands the Genius of Britain, hailing with affection the Hero of Trafalgar; his attendant, Victory, being seated on his right. At the back of the Obelisk rests the Nile—Neptune, with the subordinate Deities of the Ocean, form a Triumphal Procession round the Rock on which the Monument is placed, thereby indicating that the Victories of Nelson were as extensive as the Element on which he fought.

DIMENSIONS.—The height of the monument is intended to be 60 feet; the diameter of the steps the same extent; and the height of Nelson to be nine feet, the other figures in proportion, as in the sketch.

ESTIMATE.—To execute the whole monument in Ravaccioni Marble. (the same as the arch before Buckingham Palace is built of,) 22,000*l.*—if executed in Bronze, 30,000*l.*

Drawings and Model by Charles Fowler, Architect, and R. W. Siever, Sculptor.

To which the Committee propose to award the third prize.

This design has been composed upon the

principle of combining Architecture and Sculpture; with a view to obtain a more striking effect from their union than either is calculated to produce separately; the one by its forms and mass, to arrest the attention and make a general impression, which may be heightened and perfected by the more refined and interesting details of the other. It would appear from the result of existing instances, that a mere structure cannot properly convey the feeling or produce the effect intended by a Monument, designed to commemorate any celebrated character or event. On the other hand, a Statue or Sculpture Group is inefficient for want of mass and general form; the former is appreciated as a distant object, and the latter only on close inspection. The desideratum, therefore, lies in avoiding these objections, or rather in combining the advantages which peculiarly belong to each art, so that the many who pass by may be struck with the general aspect of the Monument, and the few who may pause to examine its details may find their first impressions carried forward and perfected by the beauty and significance of its historical illustrations.

With respect to the design now submitted, the endeavour has been to render it characteristic and appropriate to the occasion, avoiding plagiarism, but without affecting novelty. The rostrated decorations of the pedestal, and its accessories, proclaim it at once to be a naval trophy; and the hero to be commemorated will be not less plainly indicated; whilst the sculpture and other details will set forth his achievements.

In regard to the structure, simplicity and strength are the distinguishing qualities of the basement, which is proposed to be constructed of granite, in large blocks, so as to be striking for their massiveness, solidity, and giving dignity to the superstructure. The pedestals at the angles of the platform are to be surmounted with piles of trophies, executed in bronze, and crowned with lamps, to light both the area and monument; massive granite basins are set to receive the running fountains on three sides, the fourth being reserved for an entrance to the structure within. The colossal figures seated against the four fronts of the pedestal, are designed to represent Britannia, Caledonia, Hibernia, and Neptune, distinguished by their appropriate insignia and attributes.

On the south front of the pedestal, and at a legible distance from the spectator, is proposed to be inscribed a brief eulogium of the hero,—some attempt at which, by way of illustration, is made in the drawing, without presuming to anticipate that delicate task, which will properly devolve upon other and more able hands. The opposite side is intended to contain the historical or matter-of-fact inscription, comprising also a record

of the erection of the monument. The other two sides are to have each a shield of arms in relief, encircled by a wreath. The cap or cornice of the lower pedestal is decorated by antique prows of vessels, to give the rostrated character, enriched with festoons of oak and marine ornaments.

The middle compartment of the structure contains on the four faces of the dado simply the names of the four principal actions in which Nelson was engaged; and in the panel over each is a representation, in *Basso relievo*, of some striking incident in each battle—the front being distinguished by the grand catastrophe, which formed at once the climax of his achievements, and the termination of his brilliant career.

In order to give character, as well as to provide for an unusually bold projection, the Gallery above is supported on Cannons, in lieu of the usual architectural consoles: and the intervals in the soffite are enriched with bombs and grenades. The railing of the gallery is composed of decorations and emblems, having reference to the occasion, so as to combine ornament with characteristic expression.

The upper compartment of the monument is distinguished by its circular form, and is more completely charged with decoration, illustrative of the honours which Nelson had achieved. The four large wreaths, embracing the entire circuit of the pedestal, contain respectively the Naval Crown, the Viscount's Coronet, the Mural Crown, and the Ducal Coronet. From these wreaths are suspended the decorations of the four "Orders" to which he belonged.

The frieze of this pedestal is entirely occupied by the heraldic motto, which happens to be peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. The ornaments surmounting the cornice, which are analogous in form and application to the Grecian antefixe, are composed of escallop shells, and the cupola is to be of copper gilt.

The statue of Nelson crowns the whole, and is to be executed in bronze, about sixteen feet in height, and the entire height of the structure and statue will be 120 feet from the area of the square—viz:—eleven feet more than the Column of the Duke of York.

The monument, with all its decorations and accessories, to be completed in the most perfect style for the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds.

Let whoever may be the fortunate artist, we ardently hope such a design will be chosen that will be worthy of the subject; for, as the *Times* justly remarks: "It is a 'national' monument that is wanted—a monument to the memory of the greatest naval commander that the history of the world can record."

The Public Journals.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MICHAEL ARMSTRONG, THE FACTORY BOY.

(By Mrs. Trollope.—Part I.—Colburn.)

[We think it impossible Mrs. Trollope could have chosen a theme better adapted for a display of her peculiar talent, than the one she has here selected; and we feel assured, this lady will portray scenes of the greatest interest, for it is a field abounding in heart-stirring materials, which only want gathering to produce a picture of such sordid avarice and appalling misery that will astonish her readers; and, if the author should from such prolific sources draw an instructive and moral essay, rich indeed will be her harvest.

The work opens favourably, giving a lively and graphic description of the family of Sir Matthew Dowling, a wealthy cotton-spinner, and of his company invited to a grand dinner given by him at Dowling-lodge. Among the party assembled on that occasion, Lady Clarissa Skrimpton forms a prominent character; who, to avoid the heat of the drawing-room after dinner, walks out with Sir Matthew, when they are met by a cow, to the great horror of Lady Clarissa; at this critical juncture our little hero makes his appearance, and is the means of driving the animal away from the affrighted lady, who, to show her gratitude for his services, induces Sir Matthew to take him under his care, which he *benevolently* agrees to do; and accordingly orders his gardener, a Mr. Macnab, to show him into the servants' hall; and thus is the

Introduction of Michael Armstrong to the Servants at Dowling-lodge.

"When Mr. Macnab and his little companion entered the kitchen, in their way to the servants' hall, to which place of honour the wondering Scotchman remembered he had been commanded to conduct his charge, the first person they encountered was Mr. Simkins, the butler, whom some accidental wish or want had led to enter a region but rarely honoured by the sunshine of his presence.

"Good morning, Macnab. What! empty-handed? I am afraid you have forgotten the little basket of peaches I desired to have; and upon my word, sir, if you leave it much longer, I shall not consider them worth presenting to the lady for whom I desired to have them. Be pleased to recollect, good Mr. Sawney, that when every garden-wall is hung with ripe fruit, a bottle of comfort will be rather too high a price for a dozen."

"A factory-boy, certainly," Mrs. Thompson replied, with the dignity that was peculiar to her, "nobody is likely to doubt that, Mr. Macnab; one might know his calling at half a mile's distance. The vulgar factory itself,

with its millions of windows, is not more easily known than the things that crawl out of it, with their millions of cotton specks—that is not the main point of the question, Mr. Macnab: it is not what the boy is, but who he is, and for what reason any one has dared to say that he was to sup in the servants' hall."

"Oh! dear me, ma'am," replied the gardener, endeavouring to look very grave, "that wasn't one half of it. To you, ma'am, it's my duty to repeat Sir Mathew's words exact, and this is what he said. 'Macnab,' or 'Mr. Macnab,' for he calls me both at times, 'take this little boy,' says he, 'into the servants' hall, and tell every body there to take care of him—every body to take care of him'—that was it, Mrs. Thompson, word for word. And then he went on: 'He is to have a bed,' says he, 'made up on purpose for him, and he is to be waited upon with supper and breakfast,' and a great deal more, that Mr. Parsons is to make known to-morrow. But you have not heard all yet, ma'am," continued Macnab, raising his voice, on perceiving that the stately housekeeper was putting herself in act to speak. "Sir Matthew went on, raising his arm like one of his own steam-engines, 'Observe, Mr. Macnab,' says he, 'and take care that all the servants, little and great, know it, that *this boy is to be the object of the greatest benevolence.*' That's something new for you, Mrs. Thompson, isn't it?"

"Sir Matthew may settle about his benevolence with himself when he is in his own pew at church," replied Mrs. Thompson, with a very satirical sort of smile; "but most certainly it shall not be brought to dirty my premises; so let me hear no more about it, gardener, if you please." And with these words, she turned haughtily away.

"I have done my share of the *benevolent* job, so I will wish you good night, Mrs. Thompson; and whether this little fellow eats his supper and breakfast in the kitchen or the hall, it will be much the same to him, I fancy." So saying, the gardener rose, and giving a sort of general nod to the company, left the kitchen.

"Look up in my face, little boy," said the housekeeper, as soon as she had seated herself, and saw that those around her stood still, as if they had taken their places, and were prepared to listen.

Michael did not move; he was probably ashamed to show that he was weeping, before the face of a lady who spoke so very grandly.

The kitchen-maid gave him a nudge, but a gentle one, whispering at the same time—"Look up, my boy. What be you 'feard of? There's nobody as wants to hurt you here."

Thus encouraged, Michael let his arm drop by his side, and discovered a face that was indeed sallow, and by no means very plump, but with features and expression which,

whatever Sir Matthew Dowling's men and maids might think of it, might have sufficed to make the fortune of an able painter.

"Whose child are you?" demanded the housekeeper. "Mothers," replied the boy.

"I suspected as much," rejoined the inquisitor, half aside to Mr. Jennings.

"And I beant no ways surprised to hear it, I promise you," he replied.

Mrs. Thompson sighed deeply. "It is dreadful!" said she. Then, after taking a moment to recover herself, she resumed, "And where does the unhappy person live?"

"Please, ma'am, who?" said the puzzled boy.

"The—your mother, child.—Shame upon you for forcing me to name her!"

Michael gave a little shake of the head, which seemed to the merciful kitchen-maid to say, that he did not know what the great lady meant; but he presently replied, as if discreetly determined to mind only what he did understand, "Mother lives in Hoxley Lane, ma'am."

"The most deplorable situation in the whole parish! inhabited only by the *very* lowest!" observed the housekeeper, with another indignant sigh.

"So much the worse for she," muttered the kitchen-maid; but not loud enough to be heard by her in whose hands rested the appointment of kitchen-maids as well as cooks.

"And why does such as you come here?" resumed the housekeeper.

"Because the squire ordered t'other man to bring me," answered Michael.

"I suspect that the boy is a natural fool," observed Mrs. Thompson, addressing the butler. "It is a sure fact, and a great dispensation—bad parents have almost always children out of shape, both mind and body. You may take my word for that, all of you," she added, looking round her; "and you will do well to teach it to your children after you."

"I'll be burnt if I don't think it very likely that it was his own father sent him here, and no one else," said Mr. Jennings, chuckling.

"Fie! Jennings, fie!" returned Mrs. Thompson, with a frown. "God in heaven only knows what may have been the cause of it!—Not but what it does look strange, there's no denying that."

"Do you know any thing about your father, child?" said Mr. Simkins in a magisterial tone.

"Father's in heaven," replied the child.

"Mercy on me! do you hear him? Is not that like mocking the Lord's prayer?" exclaimed the lady's-maid.

"No, it is not!" said Michael, while a flash of youthful indignation rushed into his face. "My father is in heaven along with God."

"I dare say he means that his father is dead," observed the butler, with an air of great sagacity; "and if what has been jealous about is correct," he added, winking his eye at Mr. Jennings, "it is very natural that he should have been told to say so."

"That's very true," said the housekeeper, "and it may be, certainly, that the child knows nothing about it whatever, either one way or t'other—indeed I think it's a good deal the most likely that he does not;—but, any how, it's a very shocking business, and, as far as I am concerned, I'll neither make nor meddle in the matter.—Of course, the men-servants may do just as they like about taking notice of him—for here he is, and here he will abide, I dare say; but I recommend the maids to follow my example, and not to injure their characters, nor to corrupt their morals, by having any thing to do with the offspring of—It is more decent not to finish what I was going to say for your goods, young women,—and lucky it is that there is no need. You must all understand me without it."

Mrs. Thompson then rose from her chair, and turning her eyes, and indeed her head, aside, to prevent herself from again seeing Michael, she walked with a degree of stateliness and majesty that few housekeepers ever attained, through the kitchen, along the passage, across the servants' hall, into the sacred shelter of her own parlour, where she gave way to emotions which rendered a glass of prime London Madeira absolutely necessary.

[The author thus depicts the benevolence of the factory lord, in the following conversation between Sir Matthew and his head over-looker.]

"Have you heard any thing of this meeting at the Weavers' Arms, Parsons?" inquired Sir Matthew.

"As much as a man was likely to hear, Sir Matthew, who, as you will easily believe, was not intended to hear any thing," replied the confidential servant.

"And how much was that, Parsons? Sit down, Parsons—sit down, and let us hear all about it."

"I was a coming, sir, if you hadn't a sent for me," rejoined the over-looker; "for to say truth, my mind misgives me, that there's mischief brewing."

"I have heard as much," said the master; but it can hardly have gone very far yet, if such a sharp-sighted fellow as you only suspect."

"That's true, sir," said the man, with a grim smile, in acknowledgment of the compliment; "and I've not been idle, I promise you. But all I know for certain is, that the people, old and young, our own people I mean, have, one and all, taken dudgeon about that girl Stephens, that died the week before last, just after leaving the mill. She had

been at work all day in the spinning-mill, and who was to guess that she was that low?"

"It was a d—d stupid thing though, Parsons, to have a girl go on working, and not know whether she was dying or not."

"And how is one to know, sir? I'll defy any man to find out, what with their tricks, and what with their real faintings."

"You won't tell me, Parsons, that if you set your wits to work, you can't tell whether they are shamming or not?"

"That's not the question, Sir Matthew, asking your pardon. There's no great difficulty in finding out whether they are in a real faint, or only making the most of being a little sickish from standing, and want of air. That's not the difficulty. The thing is to know, when they really take to the down-right faintings, whether they are likely to live through it or not."

"And where is the great difficulty of that? You know Dr. Crockley would come at a moment's warning at any time, and feel their pulses."

"And he does do it, sir. But, in the first place, I doubt if any man can justly tell whether girls are likely to go on fainting, and up again, as lots and lots of 'em do for years, or drop down and die, as Nancy Stephens did. That's one thing; and another is, that Dr. Crockley is so fond of a joke, that 'tis rarely one knows when he speaks earnest, and when he does not. He did see Nancy Stephens, about a month ago, and all he said was, 'she do look a little pale in the gills, to be sure, but a dance would cure her, I have no doubt.' A dance! says I, doctor. And please to tell me, says I, how the work is to get on, if the factory boys and girls sets off dancing?"

"Maybe you haven't got a fiddle?" said he.

"Maybe I haven't," said I.

"Well, then," says he, 'if it don't suit you to let them dance to the fiddle, I'll bet ten to one you'll be after making them dance to the strap.' And with that, if you'll believe me, sir, he set off capering, and making antics, just as if there had been somebody behind a-strapping him. To be sure, it was fit to make one die of laughing to see him; but that's not the way you know, sir, to do one any good as to finding out the real condition of the people."

[There is no doubt that these 'Adventures', so pregnant with subjects for delineating the workings of the human mind, if told in such graphic and vigorous language as the above extracts are, will become one of the most favourite publications of the present day; at the same time, it grieves us to see it accompanied by two engravings, representing neither English persons nor English manners; they are indeed purely French; and, we think, the spits and lances, with the carrot, celery, pine-

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apple, and strawberry pottles, or Cupid's torches, whichever they are meant to represent, with an infant Satyr balancing on a rope of flowers, catching butterflies with a hand fish-net, form curious, and not very appropriate borders: we would advise the spirited publisher to 'reform them, altogether.']

ENGLISH NAMES.

NAMES were first used amongst men for distinction. The Jews gave names at their circumcision, the Romans on the ninth day after their children's birth, and the Christians at their baptism; which names were generally intended to denote the future good wishes or hope of parents towards their children.

English names of baptism are generally either Saxon, as Edmund, Edward, Edwin, Gilbert, Henry, Leonard, Robert, Richard, Walter, William, &c.; or from the Bible and Testament, as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, John, Thomas, James, &c.; or it sometimes consists of the mother's surname, or occasionally of two Christian names, which is still customary in other countries, especially in Germany.

The French called names superadded to the Christian names, surnames, *i. e. super nomina*.

The Hebrews, Greeks, and other nations of antiquity, did not affix surnames to their families, but counted thus; for example, the Hebrews, *Melchi Ben Addi—Addi Ben Cam*, &c.; the Welsh, *Hugh ap Owen, Owen ap Rhese*; the Irish, *Neul mac Con—Con mac Dermott*, &c.

As Christian names were given to distinguish persons, so surnames were used for the distinction of families.

About A.D. 1000, the French began to take surnames, with *de* prefixed for a place, and *le* prefixed for some other qualifications. The English also adopted the use of surnames, but it was not until the reign of Edward the First that they became general.

Offices of honour have given rise to many surnames; for example, the Duke of Ormond and his descendant took the surname of Butler, their ancestor, Edward Fitz Theobald, having been made Butler of Ireland;—and again, John, Count Tanquerville, of Normandy, being made chamberlain to the king of England about 600 years since, his descendants still bear the same coat of arms, by the name of Chamberlain.

At first the English gentry took the names of their birthplaces, or habitations, for surnames, as Thomas of Aston, or East-town. John of Sutton, or South-town; and, as they altered their habitation, so they changed their surname. When they afterwards became the lords of manors, they styled themselves Thomas Aston of Aston, John Sutton of Sutton.

Among the Saxons, the common people

added for surname their fathers' names, with *son* at the end thereof, as Thomas Johnson, Robert Richardson. They often took their fathers' nick-name, or abbreviated name, with the addition of an *s*, as Gibs, the nickname of Gilbert, Hobbs, of Robert, Nick, of Nicholas, Bates, of Bartholomew, Sams, of Samuel, Hodges, of Roger; whence Gibson, Hobson, Nickson, Batson, Sampson, Hodson, &c. Many were surnamed from their trades, as Smith, Joyner, Weaver, Walker,* Goff,† &c.; or from their employments, as Porter, Steward, Shepherd, Carter, Spencer,‡ Cook, Butler, Kemp;§ or from their places of abode, as Underwood, Underhill, also Atwood, Atwell, Athill; or from their colours or complexions, as Fairfax,|| Pigot ¶ Blunt,** or Bland; and from Birds and Beasts, as Arundel,†† Corbet,‡‡ Wren, Finch, Woodcock, Lamb, Fox, Moyle,§§ &c.

The Norman descendants in this country, about 200 years after the Conquest, also took their fathers' Christian names for surnames, with *Fitz* or *Fils* prefixed, as Robert Fitz-William, Henry Fitz-Gerard, afterwards Williamson, Gerardson, &c.

The Welsh were the last to adopt surnames, which they did chiefly by dropping the *a* in *ap*, and annexing the consonant to their fathers' Christian names; as, instead of Evan ap Rice, Evan Price; and for ap Howell, Powel; ap Hughes, Pughe; ap Rogers, Progers, &c.

The most ancient families in this country are such as have taken their surnames from places in Normandy, or England, and Scotland, as Evreng, Chaworth, Seymour, Nevil, Montague, Mohun, Biron, Bruges, Clifford, Berkley, Arcey, Stourton, Morley, Courtney, Grandison, Hastings, &c., which formerly had *de* prefixed, but now made one word, as Devereux, Darcy, &c.

J. L. S.

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

(From French Works.)

The Empress Catherine.—At the time of Jégur's embassy at the Russian imperial court, in the reign of Catherine II., a stranger of the name of Suderland filled the office of treasurer to the empress. One morning he was informed that his house was surrounded by soldiers, and that the commanding officer requested an audience.

This officer, whose name was Relien, came in then with an appearance of the utmost consternation; "Mr. Suderland," said he, "it is with indescribable grief that I see myself called upon to perform on you an execution of a most horrible nature, oh!

* Fuller in old English.

† Smith in Welsh.

‡ *i. e.* Steward.

§ Soldier in old English.

|| Fair locks.

¶ Speckled.

** Flaxen hair.

†† Swallow.

‡‡ Raven.

§§ Mule.

horrible in the extreme! and I am totally ignorant of what crime you can have been guilty, to have incurred the mighty displeasure of her most gracious majesty." "I! what have I done?" replied the treasurer, in amazement, "What in the world do you mean? I know no more than you do, what I can have done. And what is that dreadful execution you speak of?" "Sir," answered the officer, fetching his breath, "I really have not courage to mention it—it is fearful."

"Have I then lost the confidence her majesty trusted in me?"

"Oh, if that were all, you would not see me so afflicted. Confidence may be regained: an office may be restored."

"Well," asked Sutherland, "am I to be banished—banished to Siberia; oh, tell me, is that my dreadful fate?"

"It might be possible for you to return from there. That is not it."

"Am I then to be cast in a dungeon?"

"That were preferable."

"Gracious Heavens! am I then to suffer the *knout*?"

"It is a dreadful torture; but you might recover—it is not that."

"Oh! for the mercy of heaven, no longer keep me in doubt—am I then to die?"

"My gracious sovereign," replied the officer, trembling with emotion, "ordered me to have you—good heavens! how dreadful—to have you—stuffed!"*

"To be stuffed!" exclaimed the astonished treasurer, "to be stuffed! Either you must have lost your senses, or her majesty must be in a dream. Surely, you never received this order without remonstrating on its barbarity?"

"Alas! my poor friend, it was all to no purpose, 'Go,' said her majesty, 'and recollect that it is your duty to execute what orders I deign to give you!'"

It would be impossible to depict the amazement, the anger, the fear, the despair of the poor treasurer, that one short quarter of an hour was granted him to put his affairs in order; and it was with extreme difficulty that permission was given him to write a short note to Earl Bruce. His lordship having read this note, stood transfixed, as may be supposed, with astonishment; he lost no time in requesting an audience of the empress, to whom he revealed the contents of Sutherland's note.

Catherine, hearing this strange recital, was at a loss to imagine what it could be that could have given rise to this extraordinary circumstance. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "run, run, my lord, and be in time to deliver my poor treasurer from his terror."

The earl hastened to Sutherland's house,

fortunately, in time to save him; and on his return, found the empress laughing to her heart's content; her majesty had discovered the cause of this estrangement, "I see now," said she, "how it is; my poor little favourite dog, that I had christened *Sutherland*, after my treasurer, who had made me a present of it, lately died, and I gave orders to have it stuffed this morning."

Rembrandt.—His strength began to fail him, and he was now unable to leave his bed. One evening, he awoke his sister, who had fallen asleep in an arm-chair by his side. She was weary, poor Louise; many had been the nights she had watched by his couch.

"Sister," said he, "I am now at length dying. I am going to ask you a favour, don't refuse it me."

"What is it, my brother, speak?"

"Do not refuse it me, or you will make me die miserable—lift that little trap-door up, that I may once behold my gold—my gold—my treasures."

Louise did her brother's bidding; and when the hoarded treasures met the eyes of the dying painter, they glistened, and tears started from their sockets. A mother, taking leave of her cherished offspring, would not have testified greater sorrow.

"Farewell! farewell! he murmured in a faltering tone; "farewell, my life, my soul! farewell, for ever, farewell! And I must leave you! No longer possess you!—Louise, I must be buried in the midst of these treasures. Tell no one that I am dead. Tell no one that there lies my gold—not even my son. He is an ingrate, he neglects me! Do what your brother asks you on his death-bed, and I will for ever bless you. I will pray God, Louise, that you may join me in heaven."

He wept, he sobbed, and he made an effort, a useless one, to go to his treasures—never was grief more expressive, never was despair more frightful.

A long period of insensibility followed this burst of emotion; and when he recovered, a strange alteration had taken place; his countenance now shone with a majestic solemnity. Death, at this awful moment, had divested the spirit of its terrestrial dross, and it now appeared in all its grand sublimity.

"Louise," said he, "my eyes behold a new and celestial light, that I sometimes have dreamt of. It makes me happy, it fills my soul with gladness. Angels are calling me, 'Brother, come!' they cry. Oh, Louise, let me go and join them, I will pray to God, that you may soon follow me; angels, my brothers, I come, I come; oh! I go to heaven!"

His body fell back—Louise now held but the hand of a corpse.

* To impale and to stuff are expressed by the same word in the Russian.

Louis XVIII.—A celebrated musician had the misfortune to be too fond of Madeira and Bordenaux. One day that he had performed at St. Cloud a piece of music, that had excited the admiration of the court, Louis XVIII. had him called in about two hours afterwards, when it happened that the performer was in a state little worthy of such talents. "Where do you come from in such a miserable state?"—"Sire, I have been dining."—"Often dining in this fashion will ruin you."—"Not at all, your majesty; besides, I was very thirsty."—"Mind what you are about," observed the king, "that *thirst may starve you*."

H. M.

THE GRECIAN MONUMENTS.

AMONG the numerous monuments of Athens, (observes a modern traveller,) the first thing which attracts the admiration of the beholder, is their lovely colour; the clear sky, and brilliant sun of Greece, having shed over the marbles of Paros and Pentelicus, a golden hue, comparable only to the finest and most fleeting tints of autumn. The Athenians, who were a people far from rich, and few in number, have succeeded in moving gigantic masses; the blocks of stone in the Pnyx and the Propyleum being literally quarters of rock; the slabs which stretch from pillar to pillar are of enormous dimensions. The columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius are above sixty feet in height, and the walls of Athens, including those which stretched to the Piræus, extended over nine leagues, and were of that width, that two chariots could drive on them abreast. These chefs d'œuvre of antiquity, which travellers go so far to admire, owe their destruction chiefly to the moderns. The Parthenon was entire in 1687, the Christians at first converted it into a church, after which the Turks used it as a mosque. The Venetians, in the middle of the seventeenth century, having bombarded the Acropolis with red-hot shot, a shell fell on the Parthenon, which pierced the roof, and blew up some barrels of gunpowder, by which means a great part of the edifice was destroyed. As soon as the town was captured, Morosini, in the design of embellishing Venice with its spoils, took down the statues from the front of the Parthenon; and another modern has completed that which the Venetian had begun. The invention of fire-arms has been fatal to the monuments of antiquity. And the barbarians who overrun the Roman empire, been acquainted with the use of gunpowder, not a Greek or Roman edifice would have survived their invasion: they would have blown up the pyramids in the search for hidden treasures.

W. G. C.

Sports and Pastimes.

DEATH OF THE FOX.*

Now, when every startling sound is hushed in silence, when every hostile eye is closed in heavy sleep, "THE FOX" steals forth from his earthy den. In the broad glare of day invisible, he lives but for the night. Creeping through the still covert, when no chattering pie nor screaming jay give notice of his whereabouts, and the wood-pigeon sleeps undisturbed on the bough above his path, he leaves the wood—he creeps along the shadow of the dark fence down the hill, into the home-field, close to the very house—under the very nose of Farmer Dobbins; and then, woe! to the feathered slumberers of the hen-roost!—woe! to the quacking, cackling, waddlers of the farm-yard—to the well-furnished larder, woe! woe! woe!

"A good fat hen, and away she goes."

Reynard! thine is a devoted race—thine is, indeed, a sorry tale of sad injustice and unrelenting persecution. Born in a burrow,—nursed in a drain—hunted through the world until thou art hunted out of it; thou hast no peace on earth. Abused, reviled, unfriended—surrounded on all sides by foes, fierce, restless, and implacable; thy many talents can avail thee nought; they are exerted but to fail thee at thine utmost need.

The morning mist is rising with the sun, curling in heavy wreaths from close and covert, upward around the early rays. The frosted dew-drop glistens on the withered leaf, but hangs in the still air motionless over the footway or the fox, as he comes stealthily creeping through the crispened glade. Above the deep silence of that woodland scene, a faint sound floats in the heavy air. He stops; his ears erect—his fore-foot raised—he listens anxiously. Again it comes—nearer—and now he knows the hated cry of the hounds. Another moment,—and, assured that they are on his trail, with swift, but cautious step, he turns to flight. First, hastening forward—then doubling on his track—stopping awhile,—springing in a few efforts to a vast distance, he tries to foil them; but they follow still. Long and wistfully he clings for safety to the covert, but they are closing on him; and, beset by foes on every side, he bursts into the open.

Now ring the shouts of the excited hunters in echo to the music of the hounds; but both soon weaken on his ear, for he has left them far behind. Again he seeks the covert, there to stop and breathe awhile in fancied safety. Again the hounds are near, and once again he flies for life.

But flight is vain; he is out-numbered—

* Extracted from that entertaining periodical, "The Sporting Review," No. 3.

they press him, and he once more crosses the open country. His covert and his native earth are now in sight, but he is headed by old Farmer Dobbins's shepherd's dog, and forced to take another line. The dogs are close upon his brush. Each cunning shift is tried,—each nervous sinew strained to the very utmost; but in vain. His strength is failing fast, and every moment now his savage enemies draw nearer to him. One last resource remains. He turns toward Farmer Dobbins's homestead,—the very sanctuary which last night himself had violated; and, like the persecuted heroes of antiquity, seeks shelter in the stronghold of his bitterest enemy. The fowls run screaming to and fro, as their crest-fallen foe now totters panting past them; but Reynard's thoughts are not of dainty feasting now. A broken window catches his quick eye, and in a moment he is housed within the sacred precincts of the dairy; but here he meets no welcome of a generous enemy. The door is locked, and pots and pans afford him no concealment from the angry eyes which glare upon him from the hole by which he entered, and cut off retreat. Shortly the place is filled with eager foes. He grapples with the foremost. There is a fearful clattering of copper-pans—a crash of fallen pottery,—cries of a death-struggle, which last but for a moment, and then the ringing horn and echoing "war-whoop," proclaim *The Death of the Fox*.

NATURAL ELOQUENCE AND TRUE MAGNANIMITY.

WHEN Ireton, the commander of the Parliamentary forces, made large offers to James Stanley, Earl of Derby, in order to induce him to surrender the Isle of Man, which he retained for the king, he sent him the following spirited answer, "I have received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer: that I cannot but wonder whence you gather any hopes that I shall prove, like you, treacherous to my sovereign; since you cannot be ignorant of my former actions in his late majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed. I scorn your offers: I disdain your favour: I abhor your treason: and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any farther solicitations, for if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn the paper, and hang up the bearer. This is my immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be his majesty's most loyal and obedient subject."

The Gatherrr.

The method used by the Tartars, for the preservation of butter, consists in fusing it in a water-bath, at a temperature of a hundred and ninety degrees of Fahrenheit; retaining it quiescent in that state, until the gaseous matter has settled, and the butter become clear; it is then decanted, passed through a cloth, and cooled in a mixture of salt and ice, or spring water; after which it is put in close vessels, and kept in a cool place. It is stated that butter prepared in this manner, will keep for six months as good as when first made.

W. G. C.

The base measure all men's marches by their own pace.—*Sir Philip Sidney*.

In Venice they have a law relating to bankrupts which is singularly severe—"If a member, of either council, become a bankrupt, he is immediately degraded, and from that moment is rendered incapable of holding any post under government, until he shall have discharged all the just demands of his creditors; even his children are subjected to the same disgrace, and no citizen can exercise any public employment whatsoever, while the debts of his father remain unpaid."—*Sketches of the Natural, Civil, and Political State of Switzerland*. By Wm. Coxe, M.A.

"At Basil, one of the Swiss cantons, they have a very singular custom, of keeping their clocks always an hour too fast—and so tenacious are they in maintaining this prejudice, that notwithstanding some of the inhabitants have more than once attempted to set them right, the magistrates were compelled to have the clocks set again as usual."—*Ibid*.

A Sharp Frost in Holland, and the Effect of a sudden Thaw.

'Tis said at a Kermis—or Dutch country-fair,
Once the shouts of the populace froze in the air;
Their screams, cries, and curses, "God! Don't let us
bizen!"
With their oaths mix'd their prayers, that go always
betwixt 'em,
Of men, women, children, so horrid a gabble
Had never been heard since the building of Babel.
Like swallows at Christmas their words, strung
together,
In icicles hung, 'till the change of the weather;
When suddenly thawing, they all burst asunder,
And rushed on the ear like a high clap of thunder.

Macgreggor's Battle among the Busts.

Man is a foolish and a short-sighted creature, frequently wandering to a fearful distance from the path of rectitude before he is even aware of having departed from it.

C. S.

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